

Saturday and Sunday==World's House and Home Days.

EXTRA.
2 O'CLOCK.
EIGHT PAGES.

POLLOCK'S ORDEAL.

Hard Pushed in His Cross-Examination by Col. James.

He Admits that His Previous Testimony Was False.

Big Crowd To-Day at the Trial of the \$50,000 Suit.

Col. E. C. James, counsel for Mrs. Ellen Pollock in her \$50,000 suit for damages against Millionaire Alexander Pollock, for alienating the affections of her husband and his son Edward E. Pollock, is evidently strengthening the case of his client, by his cross-examination, in Part II. of the Court of Common Pleas, of her husband.



EDWARD E. POLLOCK.

He succeeded yesterday in getting young Pollock to admit that he had married again since obtaining the Dakota divorce, at which, for the jury's benefit, the Colonel feigned great surprise, although Pollock's marriage to the young woman, who followed him to Dakota for the purpose, was published long ago in the daily papers.

The Colonel also drew from young Pollock that since he had left his wife he has been living most of the time with his parents.

Col. James got young Pollock to produce two letters written to him by his wife November, 1920, addressing him as "Eddie," and pleading with him to do what was right or else give her a final decision as to what he would do.

Pollock swore that during all the time his wife lived at 30 West One Hundred and Thirty-fifth street he stayed only about twenty nights.

"Didn't you swear at the Dakota divorce proceedings that you would live with her all the time?" asked Col. James.

"Will you swear that you didn't do that?"

"Well, you were telling the truth then or now?"

"Then you lied in the Dakota court?"

Lawyer Thain vigorously objected.

SAID TO BE "LITTLE FATTY."

But Thomas Hootor Says He Is a Real Estate Dealer.

Strange Case of Identity for the Police to Unravel.

What appears to be one of the most remarkable instances of mistaken identity that the police of New York have ever had occasion to deal with will be investigated by Justice Voorhis in the Jefferson Market Police Court late this afternoon.

The prisoner who is awaiting investigation has been positively identified by two precinct detectives, a lawyer and several police court clerks as a notorious criminal known as "Little Fatty."

On the other hand the prisoner has been identified by Lawyer A. C. Franks, of 146 Broadway, as James E. Hootor, a respectable, honest real estate broker, of One Hundred and Thirty-sixth street, who was formerly a clerk in his office.

Thomas Hootor, the head gardener of the Ottendorfer estate, has identified the prisoner as his son, who was never arrested in his life, and whose honesty has never been questioned.

Inspector McAvoy, who has the reputation of never forgetting a face, also recognized the prisoner as the person he reported to be not only a notorious confidence man and all-around crook "Little Fatty."

Hootor was arrested near the Allan State line pier about 11 o'clock yesterday morning, on the complaint of Malcolm McCauley, a Scotch sailor, who accused him of swindling him out of \$5 English sovereigns, by the almost obsolete horse track.

The story of the swindle, briefly told by McCauley, is that yesterday morning about 8 o'clock, he went to the Allan State line pier to look at the berth he had engaged on the steamer State of Arizona, before embarking for his home in Edinburgh, Scotland.

On the pier he met an affable, oily-tongued man, who, he said, was a Scotchman, and, on being told, inquired if he wanted to earn \$50 on the passage.

The Scotchman naturally replied in the affirmative.

"I have a friend, a doctor, who is about to leave for the States, and he wants to employ some one to look after it on the voyage. You appear to be a Scotchman. Come over to the pier and see the doctor."

McCauley accompanied the swindler to a small boat, where he was met by a man with a heavy blonde mustache was working at a big bay horse. After the introduction, the man said:

"There's \$50 in it, but I must have security that you will see it is properly taken care of. I'm going to send him to the ship right away."

EACH CHARGED BURGLARY.

Justice McCreary Has the Bedell Boys Arrested.

The Fight Between the Rival Publishers Again in Court.

The Bedell boys, Edwin, Arthur and George, formerly publishers of the Westchester Times, a weekly, and the Advocate, a daily, and who now issue a weekly paper called the Advance, are in hot water once more.

Arthur Bedell was a prisoner in the Harlem Police Court this morning charged with assaulting Civil Justice William J. McCreary, who holds court in Morrisania, and with forcibly entering the premises occupied by the North Side Publishing Company, at One Hundred and Seventy-fifth street and Third avenue.

Counter charges of attempted burglary are made against Justice McCreary. The Bedell boys once owned the Westchester Times. Indeed they claim that they own that interesting publication at present. In April, 1921, they formed a partnership with the late Commissioner Louis Heintz and called it the North Side Publishing Company.

A daily paper called the Advocate was issued for the purpose of securing Heintz's election as Commissioner of Public Works for the Annexed District. Heintz was a Democrat. The Bedells are Republicans. Editorials favoring the latter party soon began to appear in the Advocate, and the Heintz party ousted the Bedells from the company. Ever since that time the neighborhood of One Hundred and Seventy-fifth street and Third avenue has been an interesting place.

The Bedells took possession of a stable in the rear of the North Side Publishing Company and issued the Advance. The Advocate died with Commissioner Heintz, but the Westchester Times was continued by the North Side Publishing Company.

The Bedells have once or twice entered the premises of the latter company, and lately a man has been employed to watch the place. Last evening the watchman discovered that two strangers had entered the place and had nailed the front door fast.

Later Arthur Bedell came around and told the watchman to go home. The watchman refused to do so, and the Bedells were forced to leave. The watchman sought advice from Police Justice Summa in the Harlem Court, and the Justice advised him to go and break down the door.

Lieberman sought advice from Police Justice Summa in the Harlem Court, and the Justice advised him to go and break down the door.

Arthur Bedell was held in \$300 bail, and Justice Burke for examination on the charge of burglary.

Justice Burke would not entertain his counter charge against Justice McCreary, but he did order McCreary to be kept in custody until he can be released.

Edwin and Arthur Bedell were both held on the charge of forcibly entering the premises of the North Side Publishing Company, and will be given an examination this afternoon.

The Bedells were arrested in the custody of their counsel, ex-Judge James R. Angel.

The policeman who made the arrest was unable to say whether the Sergeant had entertained the charge against Justice McCreary, and so he was allowed to go.

EXTRA.
2 O'CLOCK.
EIGHT PAGES.

LOST WITH 400 MEN.

British Flagship Victoria Sunk in Collision Off Tripoli.

HIT BY THE CAMPERDOWN.

Vice-Admiral Tryon, of the Mediterranean Fleet, One of the Victims.

NO TIME FOR RESCUES.

The Victoria Went to the Bottom Fifteen Minutes After the Crash.

LONDON, June 23.—A most terrible calamity has befallen the British battleship Victoria, flagship of the Mediterranean fleet, and hundreds of lives have been lost.

The Victoria, which flew the flag of Vice-Admiral Sir George Tryon, K. C. B., was run into off Tripoli by the British battleship Camperdown, also belonging to the Mediterranean fleet.

The Victoria, which was on a tour of duty in the Mediterranean, was under the command of Capt. Charles Johnstone. The Victoria had an enormous hole made in her side, through which the water poured in torrents.

The immense hull of the Victoria at once began to settle, and before those on board of her could cast loose the small boats she went to the bottom, carrying down with her nearly all on board. Some of the officers and crew managed to get out of the suction caused by the sinking vessel, and were rescued.

Among those lost is Vice-Admiral Tryon. The first reports of the disaster stated that about two hundred men had been drowned, but later despatches show that the loss of life was far greater, not less than four hundred of the officers and crew of the Victoria having gone down with their ship.

The Victoria was a twin-screw battleship of 10,470 tons and 14,000-horse power. She mounted fifteen guns.

The Camperdown is also a first-class twin-screw battleship. She is of 10,600 tons and 11,500-horse power, and carries ten guns.

Admiral Sir George Tryon was Commander-in-Chief on the Mediterranean Station. He became a Vice-Admiral Aug. 20, 1921.

Rear-Admiral Albert H. Markham, of the Trafalgar, the flagship of the Rear-Admiral in the Mediterranean, has telegraphed to the Admiralty from Tripoli, Syria, under date of to-day, as follows:

"I regret to report that while manœuvring off Tripoli this afternoon the Victoria and Camperdown collided. The Victoria sank in fifteen minutes in eighteen fathoms of water. She lies bottom uppermost. The Camperdown's ram struck the Victoria forward of the turret on the starboard side.



Any One Who Cannot Pick Out Weather to Suit Him Here Must Be Hard to Please.

buoy a shoal, the existence of which was known to the Victoria's officers. The shoal is a narrow one, and extends out from the Greek shore. The boat's crew was instructed to proceed along the shoal from the shore until ten fathoms of water was reached, and then to mark the spot with a buoy.

When within a hundred yards of the end the boat got off the shoal, and as the next sounding showed ten fathoms of water the buoy was anchored. The Victoria then came along at a good rate of speed at right angles to the shoal to take a position for torpedo practice, and, passing well outside the buoy, struck the shoal and remained fast.

The Hon. Maurice Bourke, Captain of the Victoria, and a son of the late Earl of Mayo, who is the youngest post captain in the British Navy, was held responsible for the accident, and was severely reprimanded by a court-martial.

The complement of officers and crew of the Victoria comprised 600 men.

The list of officers drowned includes, besides Vice-Admiral Tryon, Chaplain Morris, Lieut. Munro, Fleet Paymaster Rickford, Fleet Engineer Foreman, Engineer Harding, Assistant Engineers Deadman, Hatherly and Seaton, Gunner Howell, Boatswain Barnard, Carpenter Beall, Midshipmen Inglis, Grievie, Fawkes, Landon, Henley, Gambler and Scarlett, Cadet Stooks and Clerks Allen and Savage.

A change had recently been made in the commander attached to the Victoria, Charles L. Otley having been detached and succeeded by Commander Pellcome, who was saved, as were also Captain the Hon. Maurice A. Bourke and fifteen other officers.

The first despatches concerning the accident led to the belief that the disaster had occurred off the coast of Tripoli, in Northern Africa. Later advices show that the scene of the calamity was near Tripoli, a seaport town on the Eastern Mediterranean, fifty miles northeast of Beyroot, Syria, and a comparatively short distance from the Island of Cyprus.

TWO SMALL-POX CASES.

The Disease Showed Itself a Few Days Ago in the same House.

Occupants of the tenement 6 Mulberry street were vaccinated to-day and the house thoroughly fumigated.

Joseph and Theresa Genoa, aged five and seven years, respectively, were taken from there last night to North Brother Island suffering from small-pox.

ONCE LEASED CENTRAL PARK.

Warden Hiserodt Paid Only \$1 an Acre for It.

His Body Taken to His Country Home To-Day for Burial.

Warden Hiserodt, a cattle broker at Washington Market, who died at his home, 128 West Sixty-third street, last Wednesday, and who will be buried at Pine Plains, Dutchess County, to-day, although scarcely remembered by the present generation, was one of the best known men in New York City half a century ago, and at one time leased the land that is now Central Park for \$1 an acre.

He was seventy-six years old when he died, and his body was this morning taken back for burial to the country place he left when a farmer boy seventy years old to win a fortune in this city.

At that time there was no such thing as a shilling dressed beef from the West, and all cattle were brought into New York on hoof and kept alive until wanted.

Young Hiserodt's knowledge of farming suggested to him the business of keeping the cattle for shippers until they were sold to butchers, and he established the Washington drove yard, at West Forty-second street.

A few years later he rented the land that is now Central Park as a pasture ground, paying for it one dollar an acre, which was then considered a big price. His lease was for ten years, and expired shortly before the land was selected as a site for the park.

Mr. Hiserodt was then one of the wealthy men in this city, and moved from his home on Lexington avenue, near Fifty-third street, to a country home at Bedford station. His place contained 100 acres, but on account of business failures he was forced to sell it and eleven years ago moved to this city.

During the last years of his life he lived in a flat-house on the West side, and was rented by him as a pasture field.

He was for a long time employed by the city as a cattle broker, and afterwards recovered some of his lost money by cattle brokerage at Washington Market.

MAY GO TO THE ISLAND NOW.

Warden Hiserodt Paid Only \$1 an Acre for It.

His Body Taken to His Country Home To-Day for Burial.

Warden Hiserodt, a cattle broker at Washington Market, who died at his home, 128 West Sixty-third street, last Wednesday, and who will be buried at Pine Plains, Dutchess County, to-day, although scarcely remembered by the present generation, was one of the best known men in New York City half a century ago, and at one time leased the land that is now Central Park for \$1 an acre.

He was seventy-six years old when he died, and his body was this morning taken back for burial to the country place he left when a farmer boy seventy years old to win a fortune in this city.

At that time there was no such thing as a shilling dressed beef from the West, and all cattle were brought into New York on hoof and kept alive until wanted.

Young Hiserodt's knowledge of farming suggested to him the business of keeping the cattle for shippers until they were sold to butchers, and he established the Washington drove yard, at West Forty-second street.

A few years later he rented the land that is now Central Park as a pasture ground, paying for it one dollar an acre, which was then considered a big price. His lease was for ten years, and expired shortly before the land was selected as a site for the park.

Mr. Hiserodt was then one of the wealthy men in this city, and moved from his home on Lexington avenue, near Fifty-third street, to a country home at Bedford station. His place contained 100 acres, but on account of business failures he was forced to sell it and eleven years ago moved to this city.

During the last years of his life he lived in a flat-house on the West side, and was rented by him as a pasture field.

He was for a long time employed by the city as a cattle broker, and afterwards recovered some of his lost money by cattle brokerage at Washington Market.

EXTRA.
2 O'CLOCK.
EIGHT PAGES.

FOUGHT HARD TO DIE.

Policeman Crystal's Brave Rescue of a Woman Trying to Drown.

Mrs. Keyes Jumped Overboard While Temporarily Insane.

Desperate Struggle in the Water Witnessed by a Daughter.

In the North River, between piers 34 and 35, there was witnessed at an early hour this morning a struggle for life and death between a woman who wanted to drown herself and a brave policeman who had gone to save her. The woman, who was temporarily insane, was in the water, and both would have gone down but for the timely arrival of a boatman and another citizen.

The woman who attempted suicide was Mrs. Bridget Keyes, wife of Michael Keyes, an overseer on the Old Dominion steamship dock. She is thirty-nine years old. They live at 40 Beach street, and have several children.

About 1:30 A. M., Policeman Thomas J. Crystal, of the Prince street station, was standing at the corner of Canal and West streets, when he noticed two women coming up West street. One was a stout woman, and the other a young girl, about eighteen, who was carrying a baby.

The stout woman walked West street, and stopped for a few minutes near the Savannah steamship pier. Then they went a short distance further and stopped at the bulkhead between piers 34 and 35.

Policeman Crystal watched them, as it was unusual to see a woman with a baby in such a place. Suddenly the stout woman left her companion's side and without a word jumped overboard. The young woman, who was carrying the baby, ran over as fast as she could.

"My mother jumped overboard," cried the young woman, and she ran to the water's edge. The electric light in West street threw its rays out on the water, and a policeman came running to the rescue.

Policeman Crystal reached the water's edge, and he saw the woman struggling in the water. He jumped in, and he held her up. She was struggling so hard to die that he had to hold her up.

Both women probably have gone down but for the succor which came just at that time.

The young woman with the baby had kept up an incessant screaming while struggling with the woman in the water.

Frederick Palmer, a young man who was with the woman, reached the water's edge, and he saw the woman struggling in the water. He jumped in, and he held her up.

Both women probably have gone down but for the succor which came just at that time.